

DAVID • RAIMONDI • REBER

X-FACTOR[®]



DIRECT EDITION

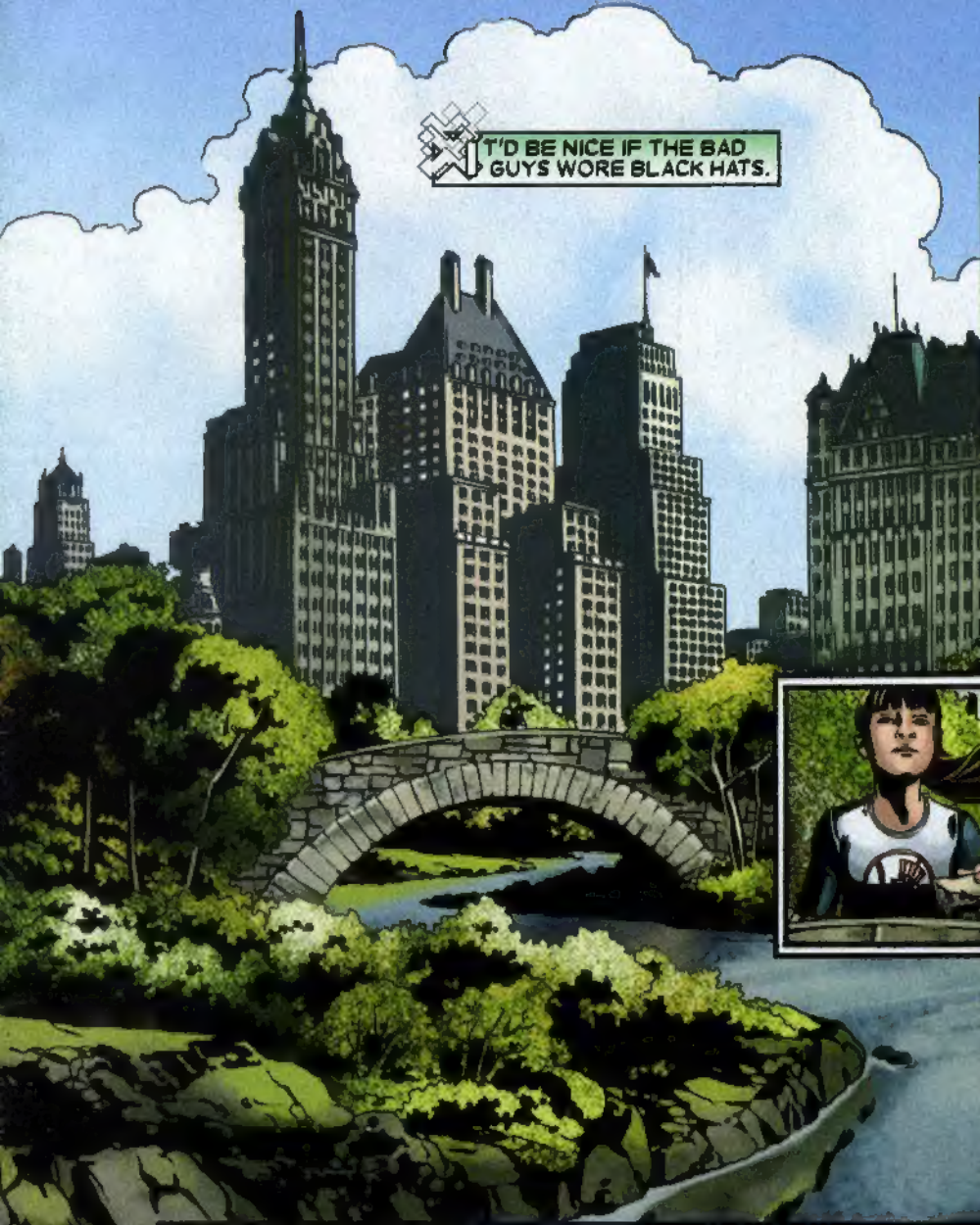


\$2.99 US \$3.75 CAN

RATED T+

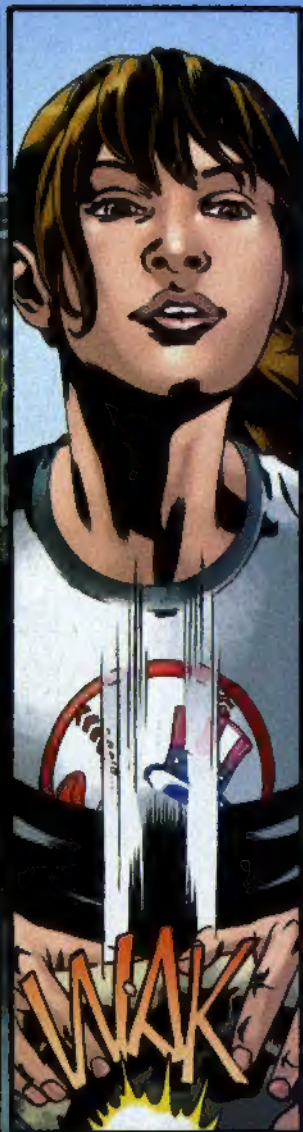
02211

FABLO REBER
2007



IT'D BE NICE IF THE BAD GUYS WORE BLACK HATS.

OR MAYBE HAD HORNS. OR WORE A NAME BADGE THAT SAID, "HELLO, MY NAME IS: EVIL."



I MEAN, SOME GUYS MAKE IT EASY. MODOK. RED SKULL. DOC DOOM.

SCARY, EVIL-LOOKING GUYS.

AND YOU CAN BE DAMNED SURE THAT WHATEVER SIDE THEY'RE ON...YOU WANT TO BE ON THE OPPOSITE.

GUYS LIKE THOSE MAKE IT EASY TO KNOW WHAT'S RIGHT, WHAT'S WRONG, AND WHAT SIDE TO TAKE.



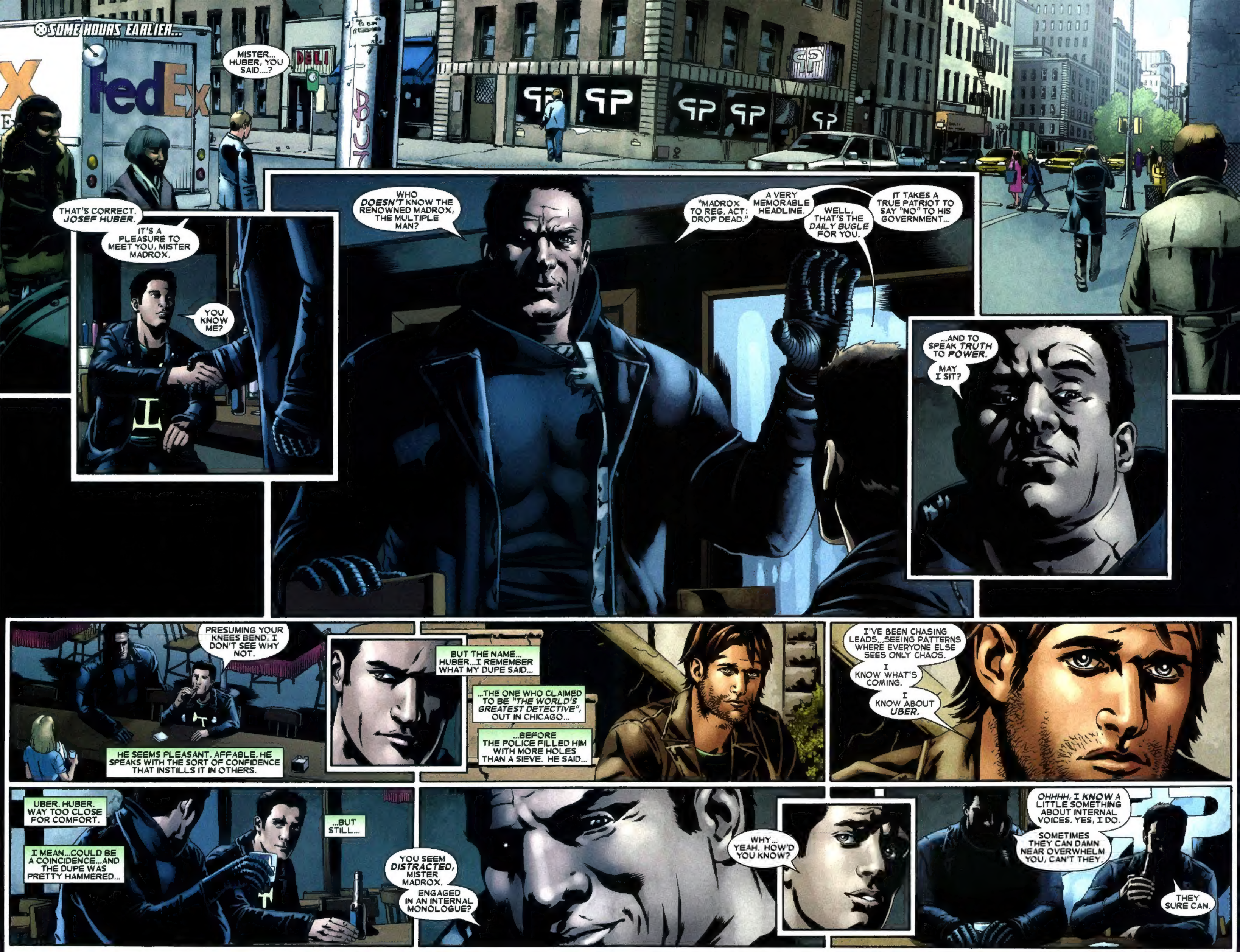
PLOP!



THAT'S WHY THE CIVIL WAR WAS SO HARD ON EVERYBODY.

WHEN IT'S ONLY GOOD GUYS FIGHTING, RIGHT AND WRONG GET REALLY BLURRY.

SOME HOURS EARLIER...



MISTER...
HUBER, YOU
SAID....?

THAT'S CORRECT.
JOSEF HUBER.

IT'S A
PLEASURE TO
MEET YOU, MISTER
MADROX.

YOU
KNOW
ME?

WHO
DOESN'T KNOW THE
RENOWNED MADROX,
THE MULTIPLE
MAN?

"MADROX
TO REG. ACT:
DROP DEAD."

A VERY
MEMORABLE
HEADLINE.

WELL,
THAT'S THE
DAILY BUGLE
FOR YOU.

IT TAKES A
TRUE PATRIOT TO
SAY "NO" TO HIS
GOVERNMENT...

...AND TO
SPEAK TRUTH
TO POWER.
MAY
I SIT?

PRESUMING YOUR
KNEES BEND, I
DON'T SEE WHY
NOT.

HE SEEMS PLEASANT. AFFABLE. HE
SPEAKS WITH THE SORT OF CONFIDENCE
THAT INSTILLS IT IN OTHERS.

BUT THE NAME...
HUBER...I REMEMBER
WHAT MY DUPE SAID...

...THE ONE WHO CLAIMED
TO BE "THE WORLD'S
GREATEST DETECTIVE",
OUT IN CHICAGO...

...BEFORE
THE POLICE FILLED HIM
WITH MORE HOLES
THAN A SIEVE. HE SAID...

I'VE BEEN CHASING
LEADS...SEEING PATTERNS
WHERE EVERYONE ELSE
SEES ONLY CHAOS.

I
KNOW WHAT'S
COMING.

I
KNOW ABOUT
UBER.

UBER. HUBER.
WAY TOO CLOSE
FOR COMFORT.

I MEAN...COULD BE
A COINCIDENCE...AND
THE DUPE WAS
PRETTY HAMMERED...

...BUT
STILL...

YOU SEEM
DISTRACTED,
MISTER
MADROX.
ENGAGED
IN AN INTERNAL
MONOLOGUE?

WHY...
YEAH. HOW'D
YOU KNOW?

OHhhh, I KNOW A
LITTLE SOMETHING
ABOUT INTERNAL
VOICES. YES, I DO.

SOMETIMES
THEY CAN DAMN
NEAR OVERWHELM
YOU, CAN'T THEY.

THEY
SURE CAN.

IN A SOCIETY WHERE MUTANTS AND FORMER MUTANTS ALIKE FEEL THREATENED BY THE WORLD AROUND THEM, THEY TURN TO THEIR FIRST, BEST LINE OF DEFENSE WHENEVER TROUBLE ARISES: X-FACTOR, THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY FOUNDED BY MADROX, THE MULTIPLE MAN.

X-FACTOR

WHEN WE LAST LEFT OUR HEROES...



JAMIE MADROX, HANGING OUT IN THE LOCAL MUTANT TOWN BAR CALLED THE POWER STATION, ENCOUNTERED AN ODD INDIVIDUAL NAMED JOSEF HUBER, A MAN WHO PURPORTED TO HAVE A PLAN THAT WOULD BETTER THE LIFE OF MUTANTS EVERYWHERE. WHAT MADROX DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT HUBER, A GENUINE ISOLATIONIST, RESIDES IN A FAR OFF "ICE PALACE" WHERE HE IS RACKED BY A CONSTANT ONSLAUGHT OF THOUGHTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

RICTOR AND RAHNE HAVE FALLEN INTO BED WITH EACH OTHER. THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS RELATIONSHIP IS GOING TO GO.

X-FACTOR IS HIRED BY A PAIR OF GRANDPARENTS WHOSE TWIN GRANDCHILDREN GO AROUND THE COUNTRY SINGING SONGS ABOUT HOW MUTANTS SHOULD BE WIPED OUT. SIRYN AND MONET ARE ASSIGNED TO ENFORCE THE VISITATION RIGHTS GRANTED THE GRANDPARENTS. WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW IS THAT LAYLA MILLER AND NICOLE—THE FRENCH FORMER-MUTANT LIVING AT X-FACTOR HQ—HAVE MADE AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY: A DISCARDED PREGNANCY TEST WITH A POSITIVE RESULT. WHAT LAYLA AND NICOLE DON'T KNOW IS WHOSE TEST IT IS.

AND WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW IS WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT. HERE'S WHERE YOU FIND OUT.

WRITER
PETER DAVID

ARTIST
PABLO RAIMONDI

COLORIST
BRIAN REBER

LETTERS
VC'S CORY PETIT

PRODUCTION
ANTHONY DIAL

ASSISTANT EDITOR
WILL PANZO

EDITORS
ANDY SCHMIDT and NICK LOWE

EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

X-FACTOR (ISSN #1932-5266) No. 22, October, 2007. Published Monthly except semi-monthly in January by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2007 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$5.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$27.00; Canada \$37.00; Foreign \$39.00. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO X-FACTOR, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 110 NEWBURGH, NY 12550. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (845) 457-5029. subscriptions@marvelsubs.com. ALAN FINE, CEO Marvel Toys & Publishing Divisions and CMO Marvel Entertainment, Inc.; DAVID GABRIEL, Senior VP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, VP of Business Affairs & Editorial Operations; MICHAEL PASCIULLO, VP Merchandising & Communications; JIM BOYLE, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Managing Editor; SUSAN CRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.



SO, MISTER HUBER...WHAT BRINGS YOU TO OUR LITTLE SECTION OF HELL?

YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY FROM AROUND HERE, I TAKE IT?

I'M GERMAN, ACTUALLY.

BUT I AM ALSO...IN MY OWN HUMBLE WAY...RATHER INFLUENTIAL.



I HAVE A GOOD DEAL OF MONEY, MISTER MADROX. MY FAMILY IS QUITE RICH. ALWAYS HAS BEEN.

BUT I ALSO HAVE...AND THIS WILL NOT SOUND HUMBLE AT ALL...A FINELY HONED SENSE OF MORALITY. OF RIGHT AND WRONG.



THANKS FOR CLARIFYING THAT, 'CAUSE UNTIL YOU DID, I HAD NO IDEA WHAT "MORALITY" WAS.

YOU JOKE.

I'VE BEEN KNOWN TO.

THE BOTTOM LINE, MISTER MADROX, IS THIS:



THE MUTANT POPULATION NEEDS A LOBBY.

ARE WE BUILDING A HOTEL?

MORE LIKE A FOUNDATION. MUTANTS HAVE LOST THEIR POWER... BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THEY CAN'T HAVE A POWER BASE.

WE ARE GOING TO MAKE THE VERY SAME GOVERNMENT THAT HAS ABANDONED YOU...BERATED YOU...INVADED YOUR PRIVACY...



WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THE GOVERNMENT MUTANTKIND'S GREATEST ALLY.

REALLY. HOW, EXACTLY?

SIMPLICITY ITSELF: THE E.S.A. OF 1973.

THAT'S...THE ENDANGERED SPECIES ACT...



THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER MADROX.

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE HOMO SUPERIOR DECLARED AN ENDANGERED SPECIES.

Ⓢ NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.



AND
ON THAT BLESSED
JUDGMENT DAY

GOD
CUT DOWN THE
MUTANT WAY

FOR MEN
WERE NEVER MEANT
TO FLY

WITH
WINGS ACROSS THE
VELVET SKY

OR READ
THE THOUGHTS OF
FELLOW MAN

OR DO
THE THINGS THAT
MUTANTS CAN...

AND
SO WE THANK
OUR BLESSED
LORD

FOR
SMITING MUTANTS
WITH HIS SWORD.



"THE ISOLATIONIST, PART II: NATURAL ORDER"

PETER DAVID PABLO RAIMONDI BRIAN REBER VC'S CORY PETIT
WRITER ART COLORS LETTERS

WILL PANZO ANDY SCHMIDT & NICK LOWE JOE QUESADA DAN BUCKLEY
ASSISTANT EDITOR EDITORS EDITOR IN CHIEF PUBLISHER



WELL?
WHAT DO YOU
THINK?

CHARMING.
THE FRAY SHOULD
RECORD A COVER
VERSION.

SERIOUSLY,
MONET.

SERIOUSLY?

I THINK THE
KIDS' PARENTS SHOULD BE
TAKEN OUT AND SHOT FOR
FILLING THEIR CHILDRENS'
HEADS WITH SUCH BILE
AND POISON.

WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
YAMMERING
ABOUT?

YOU ONE
O'THEM MUTANT
HUGGERS?

WELL, I'VE
SHAGGED A
FEW.

WHAT'S
MUTANTS
GOT T'DO WITH
CARPETS?

WHAT IF I SAID I
WAS A MUTANT? YOU
WOULDN'T HATE ME,
WOULD YOU?

OH,
HECK
NO...

YOU KNOW, ALL
THIS TALK OF CARPETING...IT
REALLY PUTS ME IN THE MOOD
FOR A NICE, EXPENSIVE
PERSIAN RUG.

I'LL RUN
RIGHT OUT AND
BLOW MY LIFE
SAVING BUYING
YOU ONE.

YOU HAVE A
DEEP STREAK OF
CRUELTY, THERESA.
I'M STARTING TO THINK
WE COULD BE FRIENDS
AFTER ALL.

I DON'T KNOW
WHETHER TO BE
FLATTERED OR
FRIGHTENED.

YUP. THE
DETECTORS READ
RIGHT. I GOT THEM
SPOTTED. TWO
MUTANTS, BIG AS
LIFE.



WHY SURE, LITTLE LADY...GO RIGHT ON IN.

I'M SURE THE KIDS WOULD JUST LOVE TO SEE YOU.

MUCH OBLIGED, DAAAAARLING.



I'M ALMOST SORRY YOU DEVELOPED THAT MIND-SWAYING POWER. THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR PUNCHING ONE'S WAY IN.

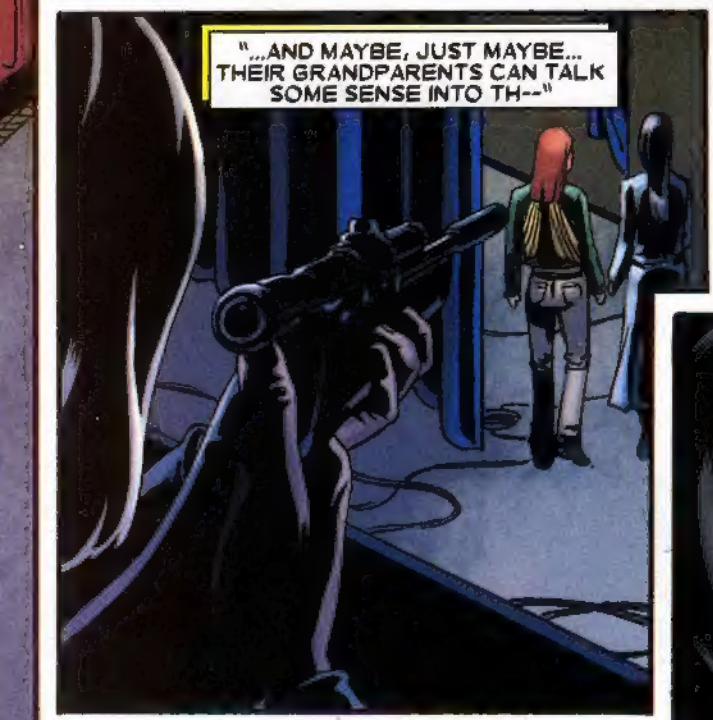
YOU'RE A REAL HUMANITARIAN, MONET.

GOD, I HOPE NOT. SO...IS YOUR VOICE HOW YOU PLAN TO PERSUADE THE PARENTS TO TURN THE KIDS OVER TO US?

SEEMS THE SIMPLEST. "HI, ABBY... YOUR PARENTS HIRED US TO ENFORCE THEIR COURT-GRANTED VISITATION RIGHTS."

SO WE'RE GOING TO TAKE 'EM FOR A LITTLE RIDE...

"...AND MAYBE, JUST MAYBE... THEIR GRANDPARENTS CAN TALK SOME SENSE INTO TH--"



BLAM

UNHHH...

WHAT--?



CRIPES!



OH,
MY FAVORITE!
SNIPERS! GUTLESS
WONDERS!

TAKE A SHOT
AT ME! LET'S SEE
HOW WELL THAT
DOES FOR--



UMMFFFF...?

THAT BULLET
COULD HAVE GONE
INTO YOUR FRIEND'S BRAIN
INSTEAD OF JUST CREASING
HER SKULL. BE HAPPY WE
LET YOU OFF EASY.



UMFF...
OOO...
UNUVABIJ...



SOMETIMES YOU DO SOMETHING
BECAUSE YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY
SURE AT THE TIME THAT IT'S THE
RIGHT THING TO DO...



⊗ X-FACTOR HQ, NEW YORK...

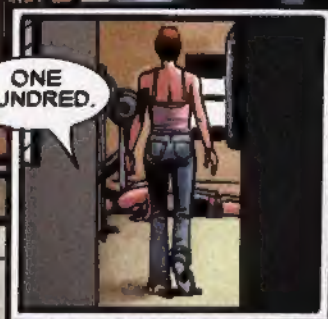
...AND YOU WIND UP
SUFFERING A SORT OF
"BUYER'S REMORSE."

RIC...?
ARE YOU
O--?



NINETY-
NINE...

ONE
HUNDRED.



YE SEEM
HEALTHIER
THAN YE
WERE...

THANKS
TO YOU,
CORAZON.

IT'S, UH...
IT'S "RAHNE." ARE
YE HAVING MEMORY
ISSUES...?

IT'S A TERM OF
ENDEARMENT.



AYE...
ABOUT THAT.
YE, UHM...

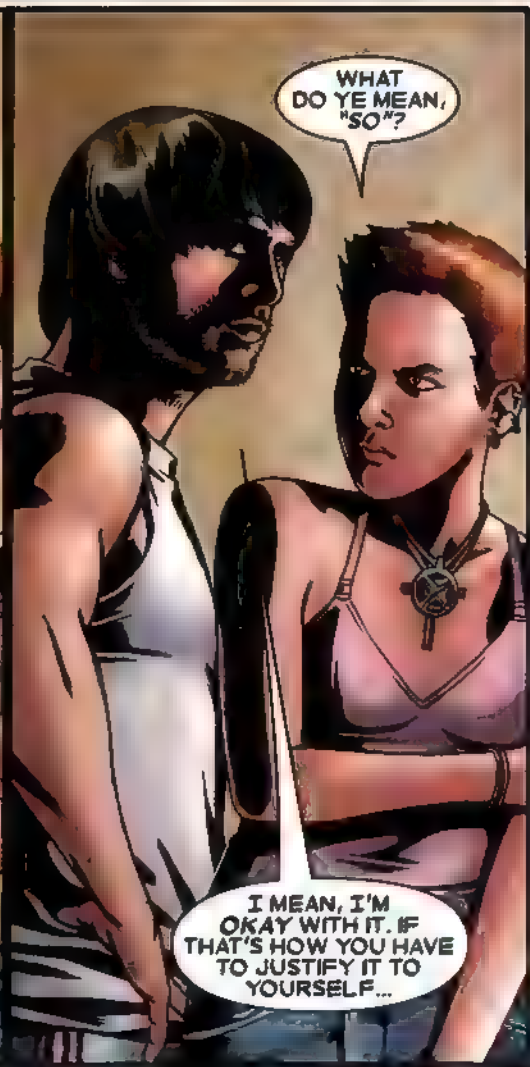
THAT...MAY
NOT HAVE BEEN
THE BEST MOVE
ON MY PART...

DON'T SELL
YOURSELF
SHORT.
YOU HAD SOME
GREAT MOVES.



RIC,
THE TRUTH
IS...
I FELT
SORRY FOR
YE.





OKAY.
SO?

WHAT
DO YE MEAN,
"SO"?

I MEAN, I'M
OKAY WITH IT. IF
THAT'S HOW YOU HAVE
TO JUSTIFY IT TO
YOURSELF...

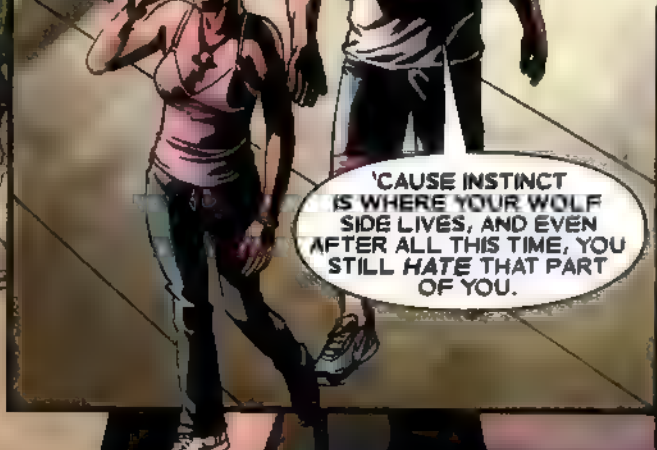


AH DON'T
HAVE T'JUSTIFY
ANYTHING!

I'M NOT
ASHAMED--!

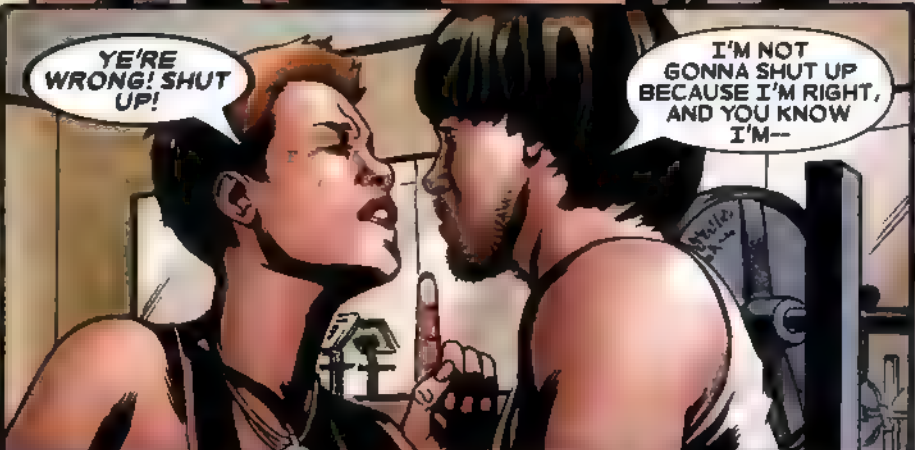
I THINK
PART OF
YOU IS.

YE
DON'T--



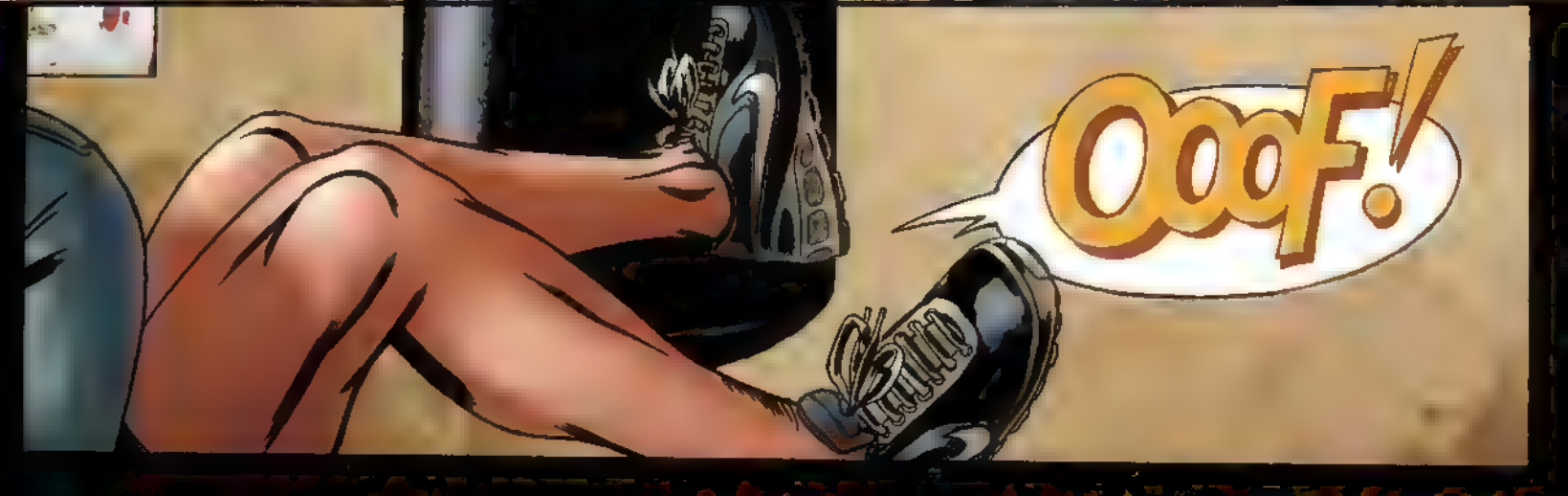
I THINK YOU
WERE OPERATING
ENTIRELY ON *INSTINCT*,
AND YOU DON'T WANT
TO ADMIT IT!

'CAUSE INSTINCT
IS WHERE YOUR WOLF
SIDE LIVES, AND EVEN
AFTER ALL THIS TIME, YOU
STILL HATE THAT PART
OF YOU.



YE'RE
WRONG! SHUT
UP!

I'M NOT
GONNA SHUT UP
BECAUSE I'M RIGHT,
AND YOU KNOW
I'M--





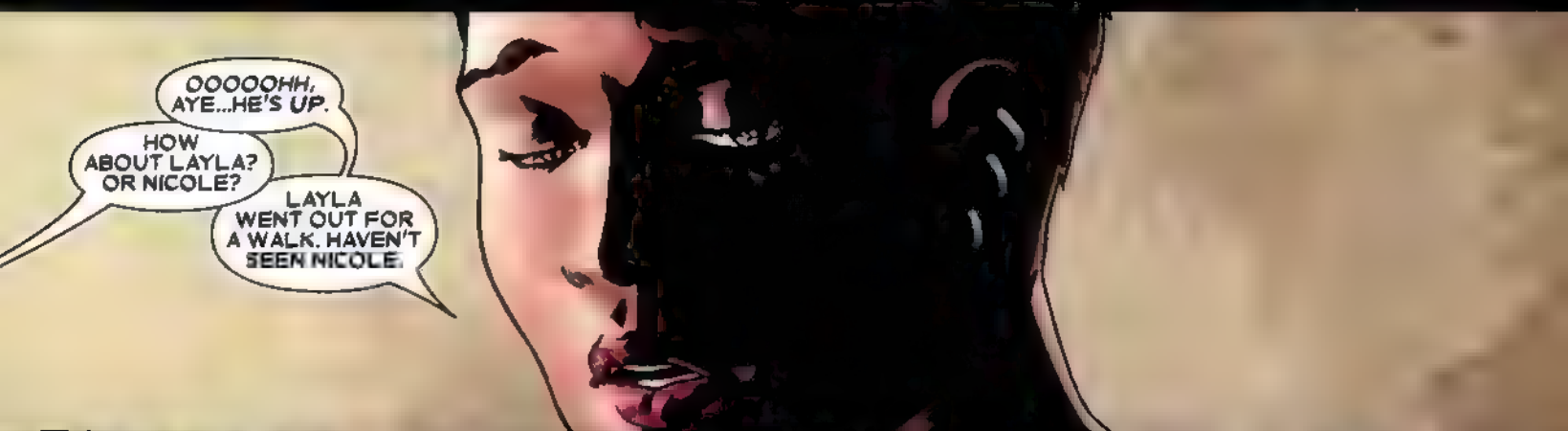
RAHNE!

YOU
UPSTAIRS?

AYE...
UH, GUIDO!
WHAT IS IT?

JAMIE WANTS
YOU DOWN HERE!
GOT SOMEONE HE
WANTS US ALL
T'MEET!

AND BRING
RICTOR IF HE'S
UP.



OOOOOHH,
AYE...HE'S UP.

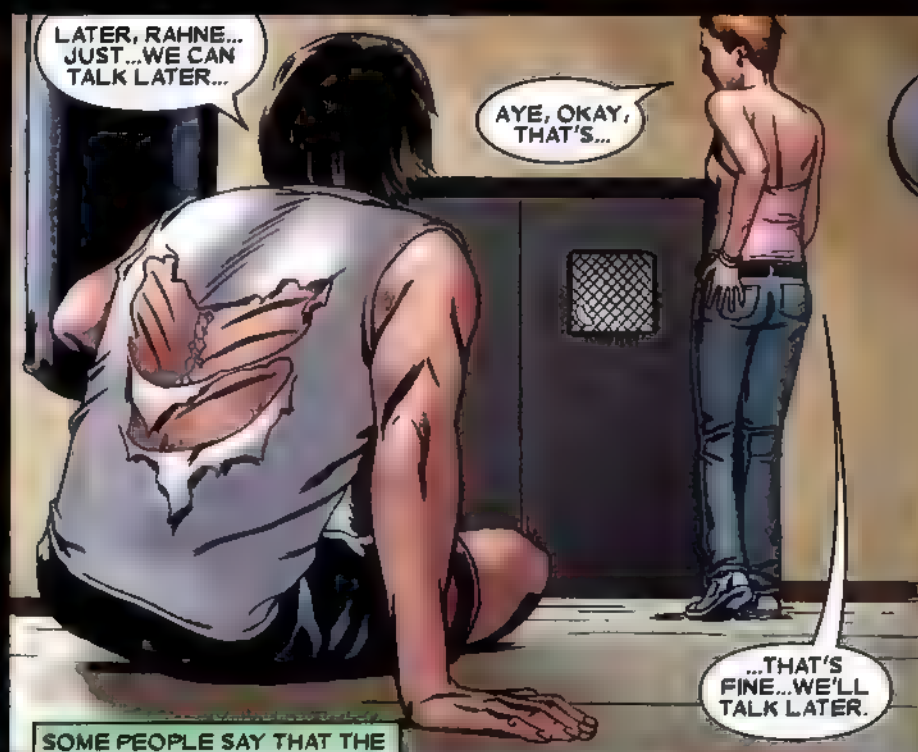
HOW
ABOUT LAYLA?
OR NICOLE?

LAYLA
WENT OUT FOR
A WALK. HAVEN'T
SEEN NICOLE.



YOU, UH...YOU HEAD
DOWNSTAIRS. I'LL...
I'LL BE RIGHT
ALONG...

RICTOR...

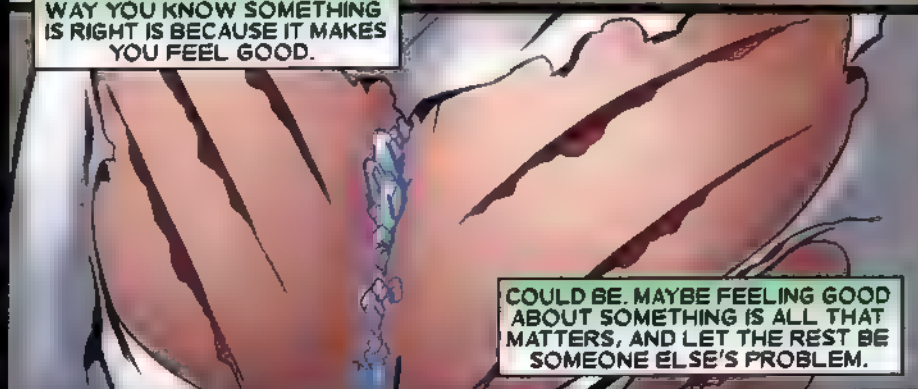


LATER, RAHNE...
JUST...WE CAN
TALK LATER...

AYE, OKAY,
THAT'S...

...THAT'S
FINE...WE'LL
TALK LATER.

SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT THE
WAY YOU KNOW SOMETHING
IS RIGHT IS BECAUSE IT MAKES
YOU FEEL GOOD.



COULD BE. MAYBE FEELING GOOD
ABOUT SOMETHING IS ALL THAT
MATTERS, AND LET THE REST BE
SOMEONE ELSE'S PROBLEM.



WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM?

MMMM?

YOU ARE MORE INJURY-PRONE THAN ANYBODY I'VE EVER MET.

YOU'RE IRISH, FOR GOD'S SAKE! AREN'T YOU PEOPLE SUPPOSED TO HAVE ALL THE LUCK?



AH. IT'S OUR HOSTS.

MIND TELLING ME WHAT THESE CHAINS ARE MADE OF?

WHY?



SO WHEN I STRANGLE YOU WITH THEM, I CAN SHOUT, "YOU IDIOT! DON'T YOU KNOW THESE CHAINS ARE MADE OF..." WHATEVER.



YEAH...I DON'T THINK I'LL BE DOING THAT.

YOU WANT TO AT LEAST TELL ME YOUR NAMES, SO I CAN SAY DERISIVE THINGS ABOUT YOU WHILE I'M STRANGLING YOU?

I WOULDN'T BE SO MOUTHY IF I WERE YOU, CONSIDERING WE COULD HAVE KILLED YOU WHILE YOU WERE UNCON--



YOUR NAMES, YOU GUTLESS WIMPS.

OR MAYBE THE ONLY WAY YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF ME IS IF YOU HAVE A CLOTH WITH CHLOROFORM ON MY NOSE.



NAME'S SOLO. THIS HERE IS MY ASSOCIATE, CLAY.

IF YOU HAVE AN ASSOCIATE, IN THE INTEREST OF ACCURACY, SHOULDN'T YOUR NAME BE "DUO"?

VERY AMUSING, MS. SAINT-CROIX.

IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, YOU DAMN NEAR BUSTED MY ARM EVEN THROUGH MY ARMORED SUIT.

THE NEXT THING I BUST OF YOURS WILL BE LOWER.

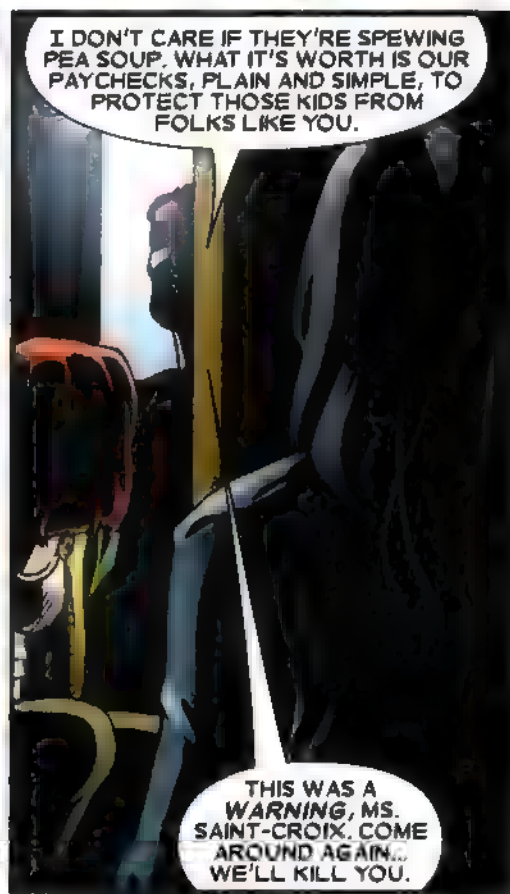
HOW THE HELL DID YOU SNEAK UP ON ME?

ALL MY SUITS HAVE LIGHT-REFRACTIVE CAPABILITIES.



YEAH, WELL, ALL MY SUITS HAVE DESIGNER LABELS, SO BITE ME.

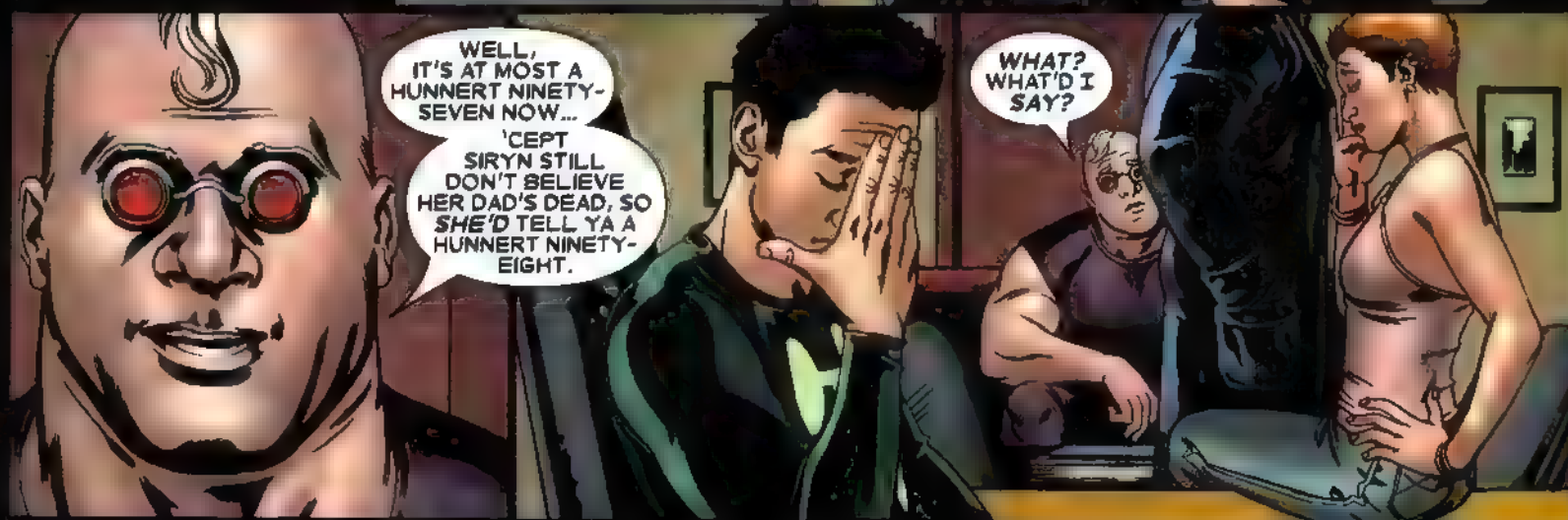
FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, YOU'RE ON THE WRONG SIDE HERE. THOSE KIDS ARE SPEWING VENOM, AND WE'RE ENFORCING THEIR GRANDPARENTS' COURT-GRANTED RIGHTS.



I DON'T CARE IF THEY'RE SPEWING PEA SOUP. WHAT IT'S WORTH IS OUR PAYCHECKS, PLAIN AND SIMPLE, TO PROTECT THOSE KIDS FROM FOLKS LIKE YOU.

THIS WAS A WARNING, MS. SAINT-CROIX. COME AROUND AGAIN, WE'LL KILL YOU.







HEY THERE. WHAT'D I MISS?

JOSEF HUBER, THIS IS JULIO ESTEBAN RICHTER.

HELLO, MISTER RICHTER.

MOST PEOPLE JUST CALL ME "RICTOR."

WELL... THEN...



RICTOR IT IS.

SLAP!

AAAYEEEE...



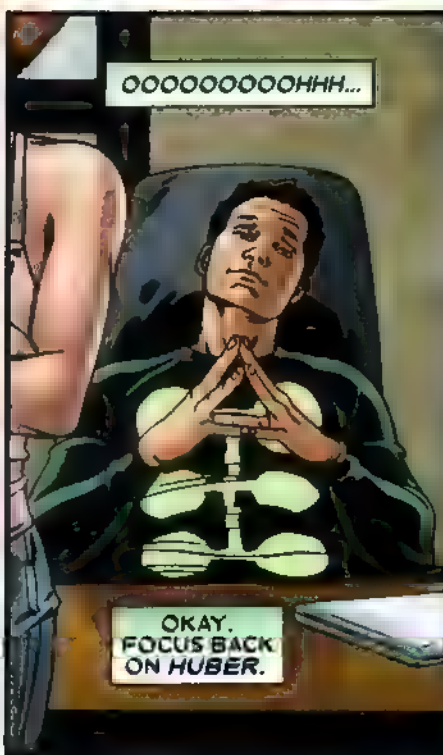
IYEEEE... AM... VERY HAPPY TO MEET YOU...

IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR BACK?

I'M FINE. FINE. IT'S ALL GOOD.

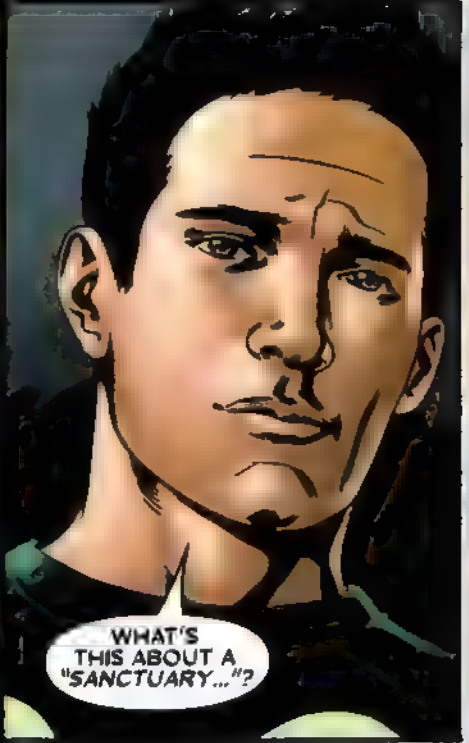


OKAY...THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON THAT'S NOT BEING SAID H—



OOOOOOOOOOHHH...

OKAY. FOCUS BACK ON HUBER.



WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A "SANCTUARY..."?



WHEN WE GET MUTANTKIND DECLARED AN ENDANGERED SPECIES, THE GOVERNMENT, BY LAW, CANNOT DO ANYTHING TO THREATEN YOU.

THEY MUST PROVIDE A PROTECTED SANCTUARY, WHERE MUTANTS CAN RESIDE SAFE FROM HARM.

WHY, THERE'S EVEN A CHANCE--IF WE CAN PROVE THAT IT THREATENS THE IDENTITY OF MUTANT SUPER HEROES--THAT WE CAN USE IT AS A PRECEDENT TO OVERTURN THE REGISTRATION ACT.



THIS STILL SEEMS LIKE A STRETCH TO ME...

MISTER MADROX...THE FLAT-BACK TURTLE IS GIVEN THE FULL PROTECTION OF THE LAW.

THE BLACK-FOOTED FERRET. THE GRAND SKINK.



SHOULDN'T MUTANTS BE ACCORDED AT LEAST AS MUCH RESPECT...AS A SKINK?



DEPENDS. YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF THE SKINKS I'VE DATED.

Y'KNOW, PEOPLE USED T'HAVE A SENSE O'HUMOR AROUND HERE. SOMETIMES, THEY'D EVEN LAUGH.

HAH! IF...YOU
THINK...I'M JUST
GOING TO...TO STAY
HERE...HELPLESS...
WELL...SCREW
THAT...!

COOMMMME
ON, YOU SESSON
OF A--

DID
IT!!

SNAP!

SOLO! CLAY!
THIS ISN'T OVER!
NOT BY A LONG--

--SHOT.





NOT
BY A LONG...
SHOT.

GET THAT
THING AWAY
FROM ME!

THERE
IS NO WAY
I'M WEARING
THIS.

MISTER
HUBER?



MISTER
HUBER...?

NOT
NOW...NOT
NOW...

MISTER
HUBER, WHAT'S
WRONG? WE
CAN--

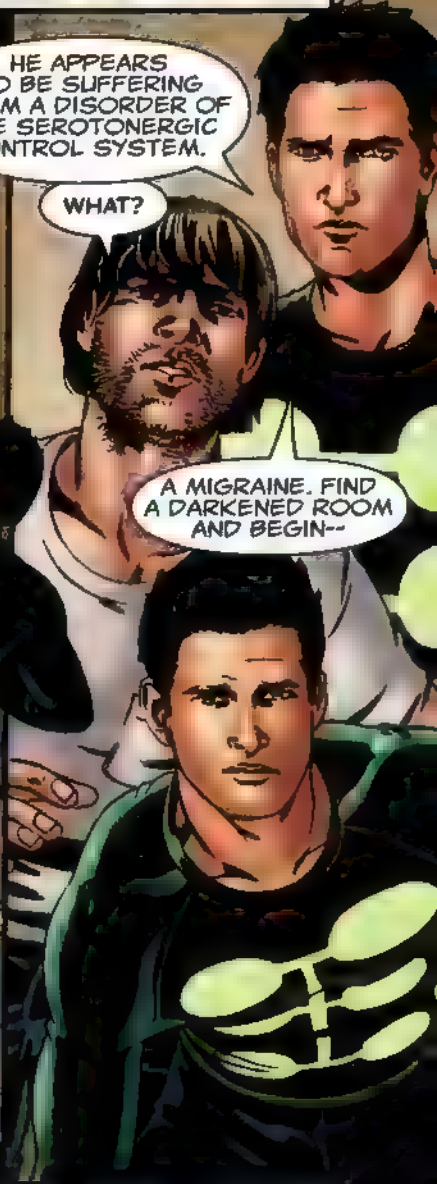


GET
AWAY!!!!

HE APPEARS
TO BE SUFFERING
FROM A DISORDER OF
THE SEROTONERGIC
CONTROL SYSTEM.

WHAT?

A MIGRAINE. FIND
A DARKENED ROOM
AND BEGIN--



I'M FINE.
I MEAN, I'LL
BE FINE.
JUST...



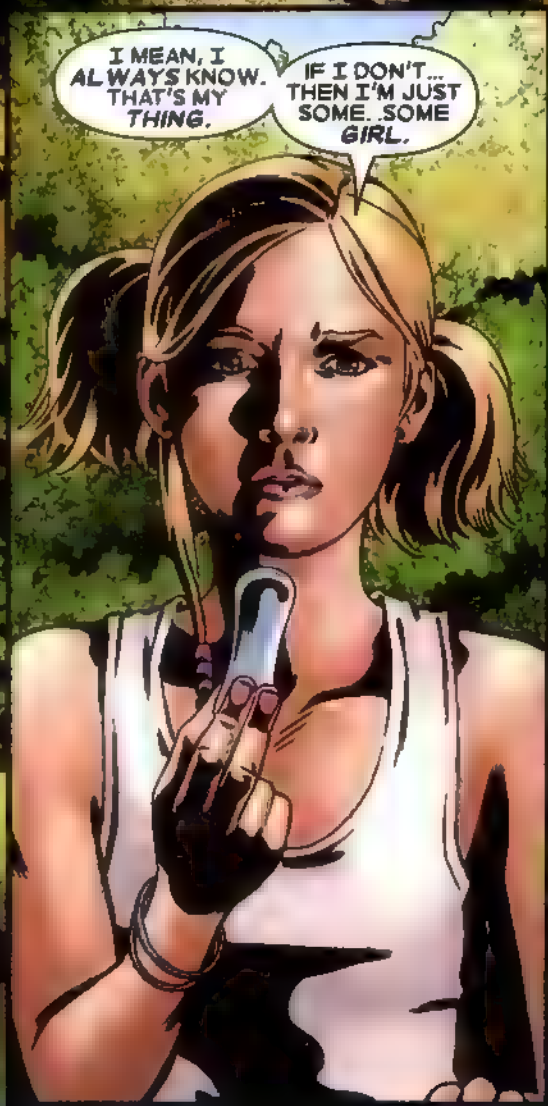
IT'S...
NOTHING
I CANNOT
HANDLE.

PLEASE,
JUST ONE MORE
EXTENSION ON
THE DEADLINE...

GREAT.
I GAINED
ANOTHER TWO
POUNDS.

PLEASE,
PLEASE CAN
I HAVE THAT
PUPPY?

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO
DO, HOW CAN I
NOT KNOW?



I MEAN, I ALWAYS KNOW. THAT'S MY THING.

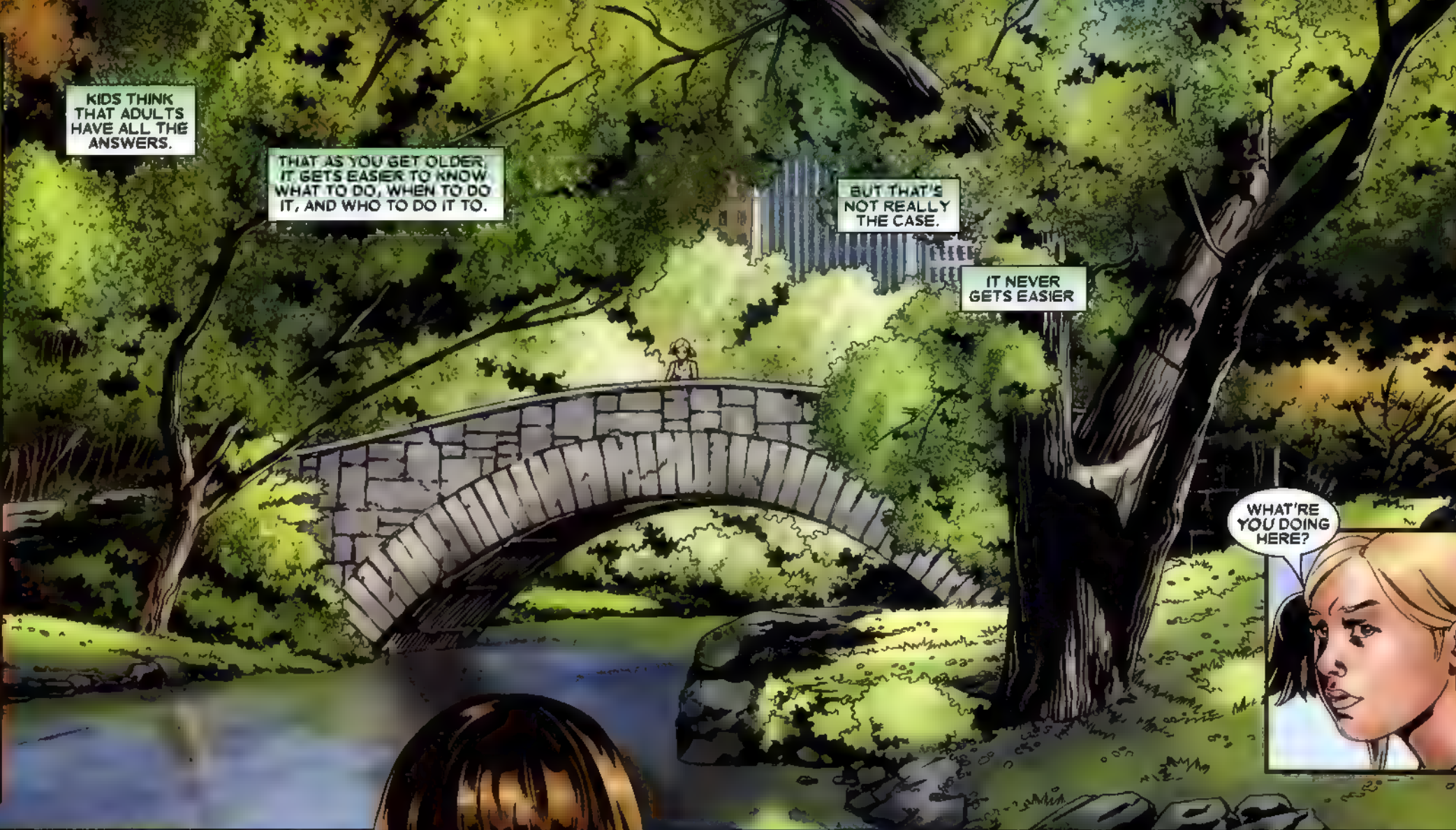
IF I DON'T... THEN I'M JUST SOME GIRL.

KIDS THINK THAT ADULTS HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS.

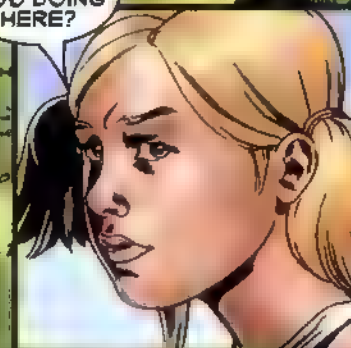
THAT AS YOU GET OLDER, IT GETS EASIER TO KNOW WHAT TO DO, WHEN TO DO IT, AND WHO TO DO IT TO.

BUT THAT'S NOT REALLY THE CASE.

IT NEVER GETS EASIER



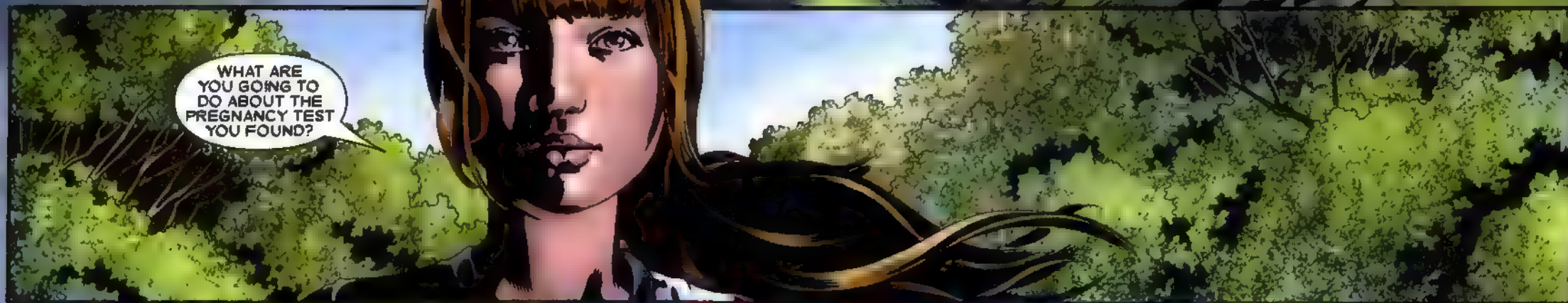
WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?



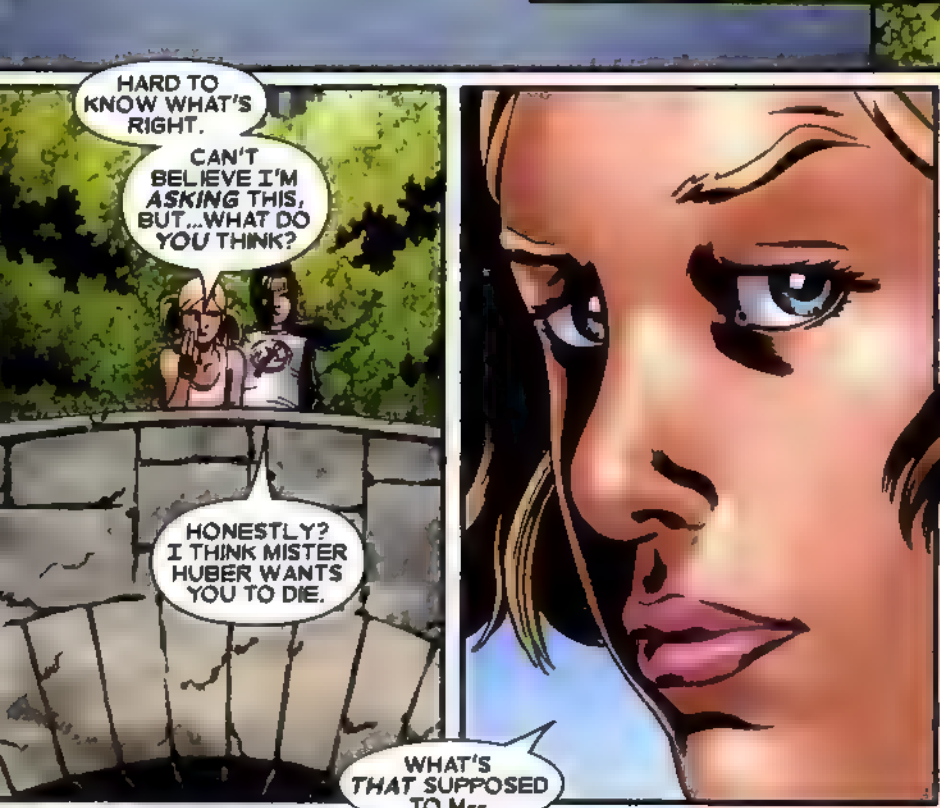
I...I FOLLOWED YOU. PLEASE DON'T BE UPSET.

WELL, GEE, HOW COULD I POSSIBLY BE UPSET ABOUT HAVING MY VERY OWN STALKER?

GOTTA SAY...I'M GETTING PRETTY TIRED OF HAVING A CREEPY LITTLE GIRL AROUND WHO ISN'T NAMED LAYLA MILLER.



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THE PREGNANCY TEST YOU FOUND?

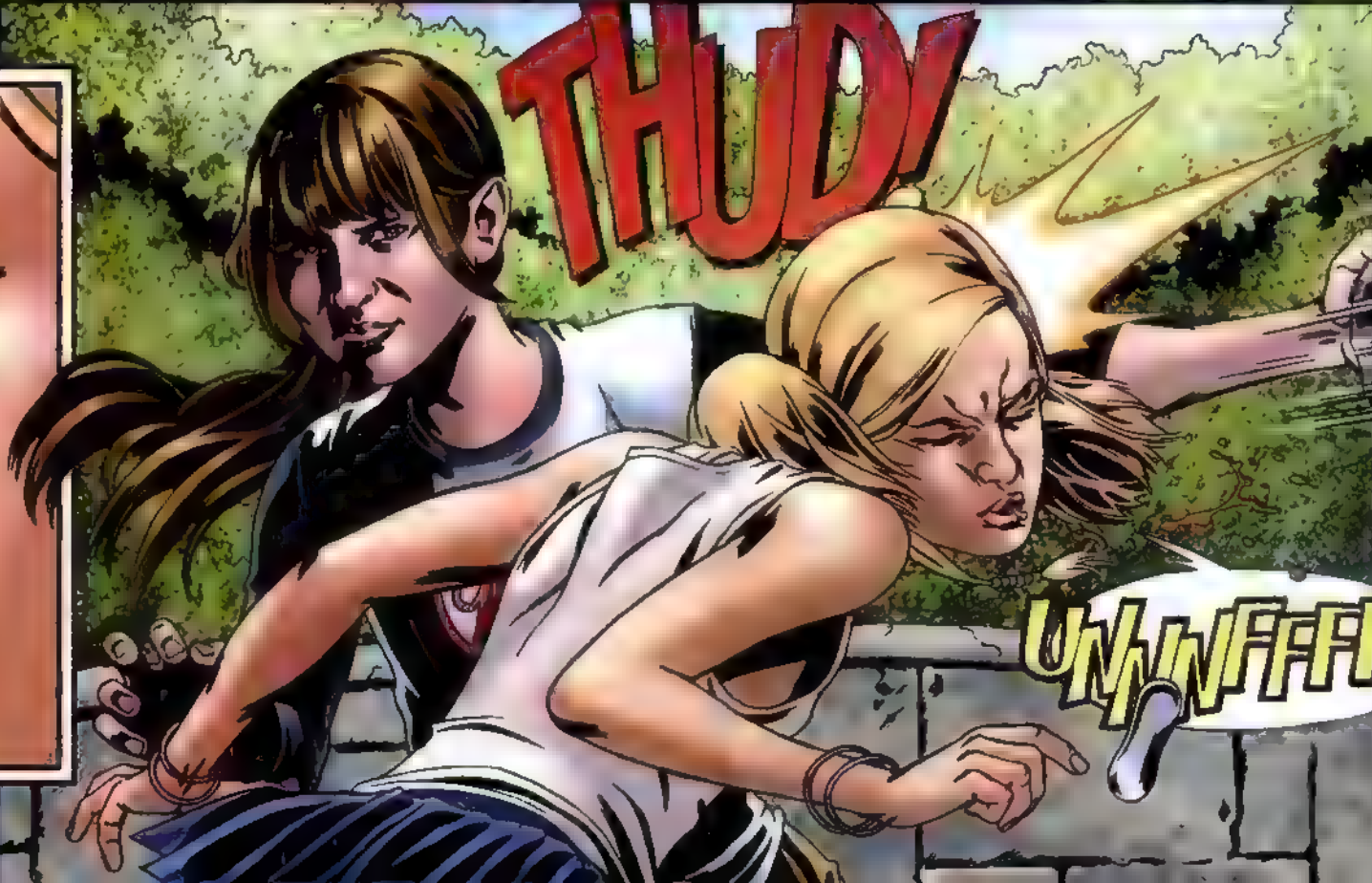


HARD TO KNOW WHAT'S RIGHT.

CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ASKING THIS, BUT...WHAT DO YOU THINK?

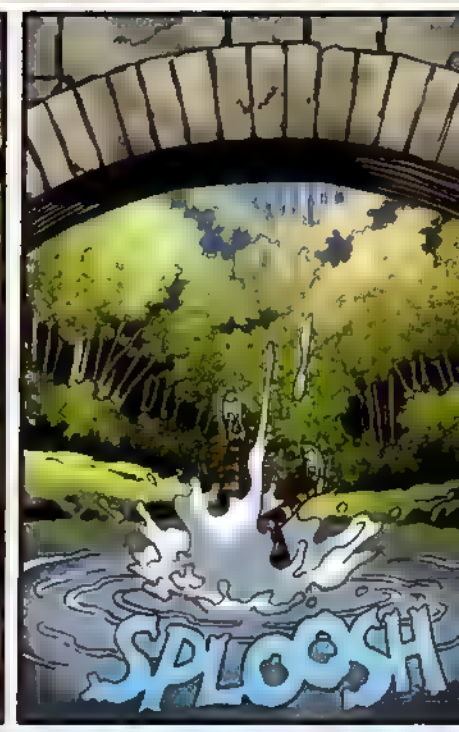
HONESTLY? I THINK MISTER HUBER WANTS YOU TO DIE.

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO M--

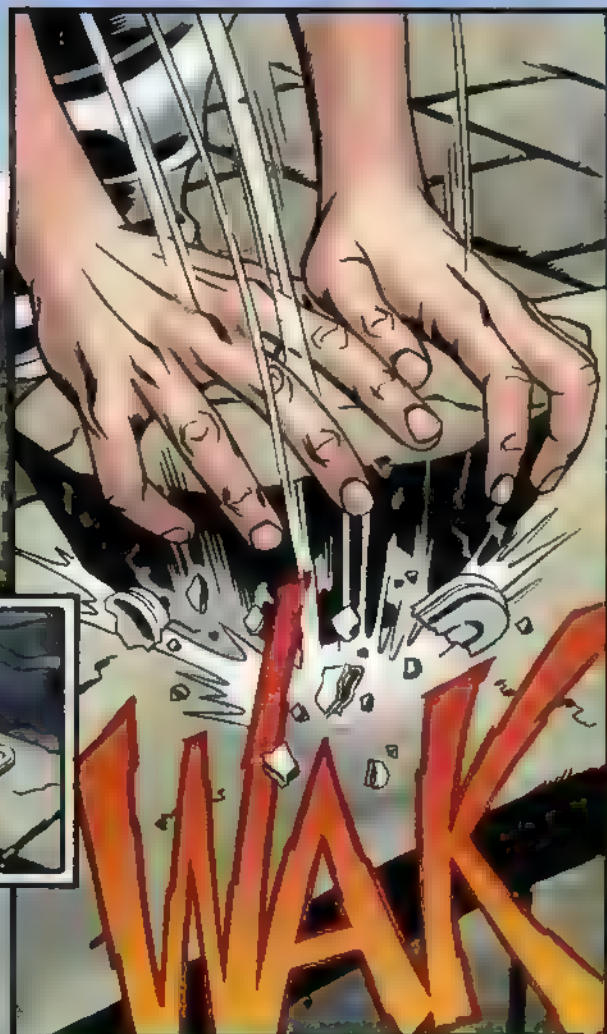
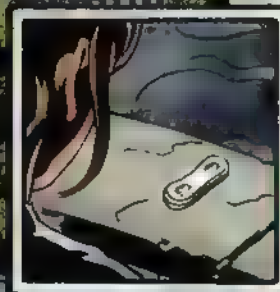


THUD!

UWWFFFFF!

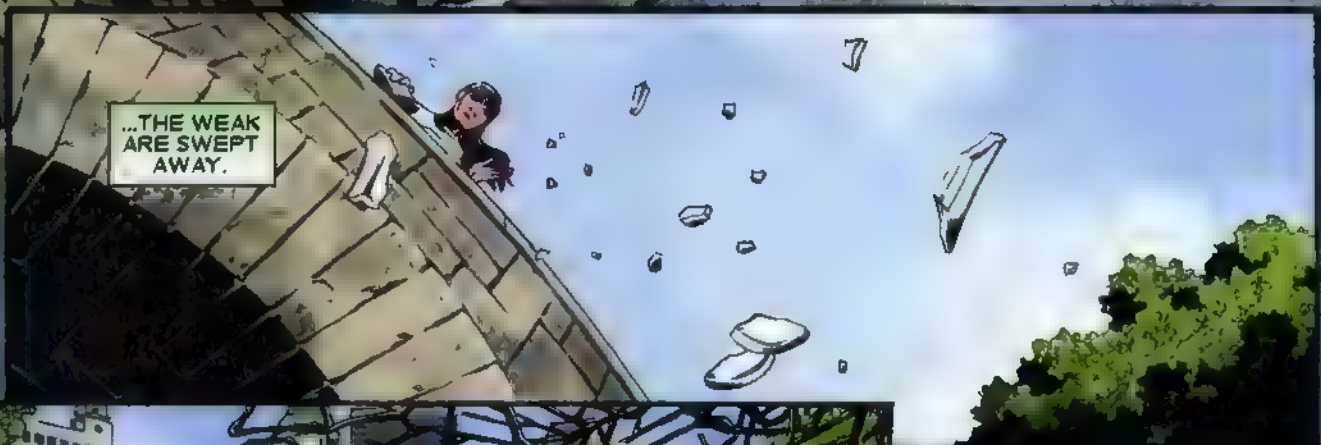


MAYBE IN THE END...AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT...IT ALL COMES DOWN TO THE OLD SAYING OF "MIGHT MAKES RIGHT."



AFTER ALL, THAT'S WHAT ALL OF EVOLUTION COMES DOWN TO. SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST. THE NATURAL ORDER. THE STRONG SURVIVE, WHILE THE WEAK ...

...THE WEAK ARE SWEEP AWAY.



IT MAY SEEM PRAGMATIC, BUT IF YOU'RE STRONG, THEN YOU WIND UP BEING RIGHT BECAUSE OF THE SIMPLEST REASON OF ALL...



THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO SAY YOU'RE WRONG.



Witness the death of a species...

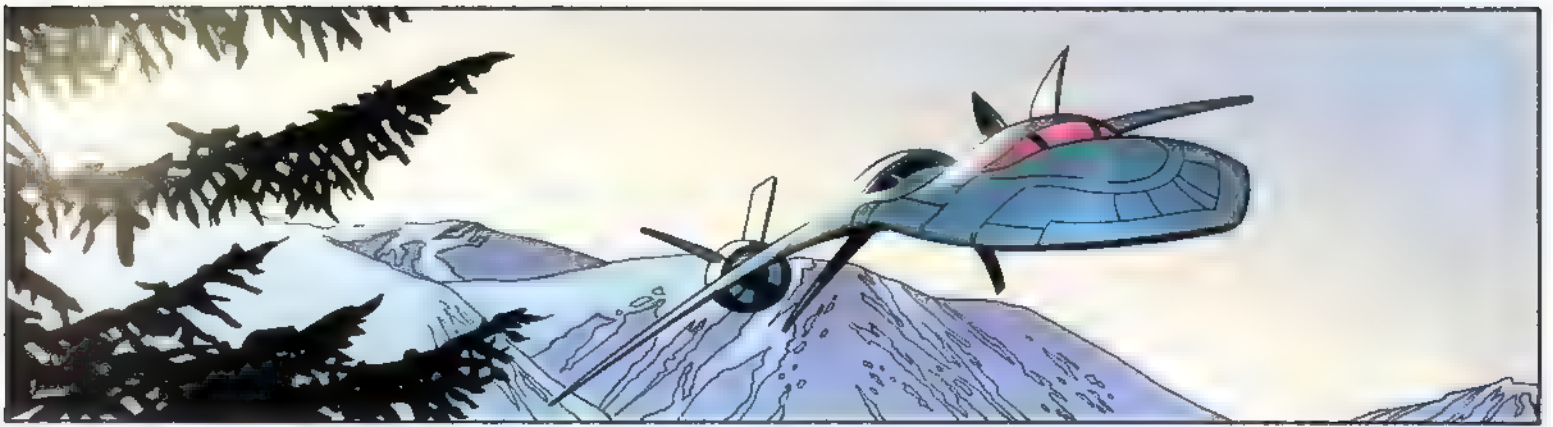
X-MEN: ENDANGERED SPECIES is a 17-part limited series consisting of 8-page backup stories that run weekly in the pages of the X-titles (**UNCANNY X-MEN**, **X-MEN**, **X-FACTOR** and **NEW X-MEN**). Hank McCoy, as the preeminent scientific mind in the mutant community, searches for a way to reverse the disastrous effects of M-Day. But as he draws closer to an answer, what price will he have to pay for the chance to be a savior?

PREVIOUSLY IN ENDANGERED SPECIES:

Since M-Day, Beast has labored to find a cure for the loss of the mutant gene to no avail. With all other avenues exhausted, he took the desperate measure of consulting villains possessed of great scientific minds. But when Beast reached the secret mutant concentration camp **NEVERLAND**, he stumbled upon the one man he refused to consult -- the monstrous **Dark Beast**.

Although the scientific equal of Hank McCoy, **Dark Beast** was born in an alternate dimension where **Apocalypse** ruled the Earth and Xavier's dream of peaceful cohabitation between mutants and humans never materialized. He is Beast without conscience. And when Hank agrees to work with him to save mutantkind, he knows he is making a deal with the devil.







MEMORY TRACK

SO I'M
DOC. AND
YOU'RE
EMILY.

AND YOU
AND YOUR MOM
ARE GOING TO
VISIT WITH ME IN
THE LAB TODAY,
AREN'T YOU?

WELL, TELL
OUR LORD AND MASTER
THIS, PRELATE. INDIVIDUALLY,
ALEX AND JULIE AND JACK
AND LITTLE KATIE ARE
JUST CURIOSITIES.

FUSED
TOGETHER, THEY
COULD BECOME
SOMETHING
REALLY
SPECIAL.

MEMORY TRACK 196:18:46

I WAS
WORRIED ABOUT
RUNNING OUT OF
TEST SUBJECTS UNTIL
I MET YOU,
MADROX.

YOU'RE
LIKE THE
ANSWER TO
A PRAYER.

MEMORY TRACK 196:21:19

"IT"! NOT
"HE"! WE CALL
THE PATIENT
"IT", MISTER
BEDLAM.

AS IN "IT
HAS JUST DIED
BECAUSE YOU
DIDN'T HAVE THE
DAMN BLOOD PUMP
ON THE RIGHT
SETTING."

TRACK

GOUUUH!

THIS IS
WONDERFUL,
PRELATE SUMMERS.
I COULD DO IT
ALL DAY.

I'M
SURE.

BUT
WHAT'S
THE POINT
OF IT?

JEAN GREY IS
ASTONISHING. SHE GOES
BEYOND MUTATION INTO
SOME OTHER CATEGORY
I DON'T YET HAVE
A NAME FOR.

EVEN ON THE
MICROSCOPIC LEVEL,
EACH OF HER BODY'S
CELLS IS A FERMENT, A
SEPARATE CENTER
OF POWER.

PHYSICISTS
TALK ABOUT WHITE
FOUNTAINS. SPONTANEOUS
OUTPOURINGS OF
ENERGY, OF
COSMIC BIRTH--

NOT
AROUND
ME, THEY
DON'T.

GET TO
THE POINT,
BEAST. YOU'RE
SAYING SHE'S
UNIQUE.

GREY, JEAN

FOR
THE MOMENT,
YES.

BUT IF
SOMEONE WERE
TO CULTURE SOME
OF HER NERVE
TISSUE IN A
MEDIUM OF--

MEMORY
TRACK
599:02:04

SHOW ME
THE FOOTAGE
AGAIN.

FROM THE
START.

IT'S CLEAR
THAT SINISTER WAS
PLOTING AGAINST THE
LORD APOCALYPSE--
PROBABLY
FOR DECADES.

AND THIS
WAS HIS SECRET
WEAPON. A
TELEKINETIC
MUTANT.

HE'S NOT
STOPPING THE
EXPLOSION. HE'S
JUST CURVING THE
SHOCK WAVE--AND THE
SHRAPNEL--AROUND
HIMSELF.

THE CONTROL
THAT MUST TAKE--
INCREDIBLE!

HE'S HER
SON. HE MUST BE.
NOTHING ELSE
EXPLAINS IT.

NOT A
BIRTH SON,
BUT A VAT-GROWN
HYBRID OF HER DNA
WITH--SOMEONE
ELSE'S.

AND HE
HAS HER
POWERS.

HER--
MORPHOLOGY.





JEAN
FELL FIGHTING
MAGNETO. HE CAUSED
AN ELECTRICAL
SURGE IN
HER BRAIN.

NATE
DISPERSED
HIS BEING AND HIS
CONSCIOUSNESS INTO
EVERY LIVING THING
ON EARTH.



SHE DIED IN
SCOTT'S ARMS,
OF A MASSIVE
STROKE.



IT WAS
THE ONLY WAY
HE COULD STOP
AN ALIEN RACE
FROM FEEDING
ON US.



INTERESTING.
IF NATE GREY
DISMANTLED HIS MIND
AND BODY BY THE
APPLICATION OF HIS
OWN MUTANT
POWER--

--HE CAN
PRESUMABLY BE
RETRIEVED AND
RECONSTITUTED
IN THE
SAME WAY.

YOU'RE
INSANE.



NO. BUT
I'M NOT AVERSE
TO A LITTLE
GRAVE-ROBBING
IF THAT'S WHAT IT
TAKES TO GET THE
JOB DONE.

AND
SPEAKING OF
THE DEAD,
HENRY--



--I THINK
WE'RE
HERE.



IT'S JUST AN
ABANDONED
NUCLEAR
PLANT.

ON THE
FACE OF
IT, YES.

WHEN YOU'VE
DONE AS MUCH
GRAVE-ROBBING AS I
HAVE, HANK, YOU
LEARN A FEW TRICKS
OF THE TRADE.

"BUT THE *FIRST*
RULE'S PRETTY
OBVIOUS.

"DIG
DEEP."



MIKE
CAREY
WRITER

MIKE
PERKINS
PENCILER

ANDREW
HENNESSY
INKER

RAUL
TREVINO
COLORIST

MC'S JOE
CARAMAGNA
LETTERER

WILL
PANZO
ASST EDITOR

NICK LOWE &
ANDY SCHMIDT
EDITORS

AXEL
ALONSO
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

JOE
QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN
BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

Endangered Species

CHAPTER
7

Ⓢ TO BE CONTINUED
IN NEW X-MEN #41!

Diesel Industry
DCP Scan

